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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 186.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

[ONE PENNY



THE CHARGES AGAINST THE CORPORATION.

"It's astonishing what a weight Poor Pa is becoming in the country. You heard of his being examined by Mr. Bradlaugh before the Committee, to enquire into the charges made against the Corporation of the City of London. It appears that Papa had on one or more occasions attended meetings at the request of interested parties. Both Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Hartington were very nice to Papa, and they all appear to have spent a very pleasant afternoon."—TOOTSIE.

SOME STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

No. 11.—Female Conscientiousness, or the Sad Effects of the Serpent's Trail on an Innocent Girl's mind.



1. HOMELY HAPPINESS.—Among her charming domestic duties, she was innocent, happy, and little versed in worldly matters, the light and life of home.

2. THE SLIMY SERPENT crawled into the bower of home-sunshine, and with wily and subtle guile left the smear of his hellish trail behind.

3. WRETCHEDNESS AND DESPAIR.—The poor darling girl awoke to the horrors of the reptile's work, and leapt Blackfriars in horrified insanity.

"ANANIAS:" A BAR LOAFER.

He was well-known in the neighbourhood of Carshalton and Wallington by this nickname, and also by that of "Sloomy," and elsewhere known as Mapleton, and Arthur Harcourt, and Percy Lefroy, Lee, Pemberton, and Clark. He was round-shouldered, and his thin light overcoat hung in awkward folds about his spare figure. His forehead and chin were both receding. He had a slight, weedy moustache and very small dark whiskers. His jawbones were prominent, his cheeks sunken and fallow, and he shewed his teeth very much when he laughed.

He had a very insinuating address, and borrowed small sums of money readily. He was, according to his own account, related to many celebrated people, who, however, did not seem to know him when he met them in the street. He was, he said, a journalist and dramatist, but editors contradicted the story. He was the supposed owner of an unacted opera, by Offenbach, and one day wrote to a friend to say that a wealthy Australian had left him a thousand a year until he married, when it was to be increased to ten, and that he thought of going into Parliament.

He wrote part of a pantomime for the Croydon Theatre, and a silly story—a weak copy of Charles Dickens' style—called *Three Terrible Nights*, the profits of which, however, were, when he had otherwise acquired fame, sufficient to pay Mr. Montagu William's fee for his defence at a certain trial. He got up a theatrical tour and let in his company, and got

up a literary and theatrical cricket match, and picked the players' pockets. He was a constant hanger-on at the Gaiety Bar, and on Saturday afternoons at the Oxford, and a first night pittite. He took a benefit at a country theatre, and appearing on the stage to recite, in a shabby tweed suit, complained that he had been obliged to pawn his dress clothes that morning, to pay an extortionate landlord. He lived from hand to mouth, and a day or two before he pretended to have come into so much wealth, was pawning an aluminium watch for five shillings, and coats and trousers shortly afterwards.

At length, one Monday in June, he found himself in a desperate position, with all hope of longer continuing the cadging life he had led, gone; and he determined on robbery, and, if necessary, murder. He obtained a small sum of money by fraudulently passing off two Hanoverian sovereigns on a shop-boy, and managed to get up to town from Wallington and take a revolver out of pledge. At London Bridge he also took a first-class ticket to Brighton—the clerk at the time remarking that he looked rather shabby for a first-class passenger. He probably knew that a Mr. Gold was in the habit on a Monday of bringing large sums of money from London, or he may have intended to attack any likely looking person, and possibly a woman by preference. He attacked Mr. Gold, whose carriage he entered either at London Bridge or Croydon, and whilst he was taking a nap, on entering a tunnel, fired five shots at him, and then, struggling with him for all thirty miles, and hacking him almost to death, flung his yet breathing body out on to the line.

On his arrival at Preston, near Brighton, Lefroy was found without a collar, and smeared with blood, and with a watch and chain in his shoe, and he had some slight wounds on his head. He said he had been set on by two men and nearly murdered. He was seen home by a credulous policeman and escaped from custody, and wandered at large for some eight or ten days, when the detectives at last discovered him at 32 Smith Street, Stepney. He was without money, and had been living a wretched life. In gaol, to gain time, he confessed to other murders, of which he was not guilty; and when all hope was at an end gave way to despair, and crawled to his death a pitiful rag of humanity, almost too weak to stand.

The other day my friend Mr. Humphries, of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, showed me a weird collection of curiosities, among them a collar, a season ticket bearing the name of Gold, that had been saturated with blood, and a first-class ticket much thumbled and creased, and with a blood stain on it too, the one the murderer had carried and fidgeted with, no doubt, during that awful journey.

"I've got that book he wrote," said Alexandry. "It's a Christmas story about Joe Jeffs, a clown, whose wife died, and he went silly. It's a touching thing, and made Evelyn weep." And the Blue-eyed Boy himself wiped away a tear as he thought of it.

And then Billiam kicked him.
(Next week "Old Patch.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

HENRY HALL (E. C.).—Thanks for good wishes and joke.—L. W. (Wokingham).—Communication crowded out.—U. LAWRENCE (Bolt Court).—Thanks. The relic has been placed in the Sloperian Museum.—A TRUE CHELSEA LAD.—Thank you.—A POLISH BARON.—No, thank you; not at present.—R. A. NORTON (Liverpool).—Very glad you like the pipe. The next volume of the "HALF-HOLIDAY" will commence on the first Saturday in January, 1888. Quite so.—DARK AND FAIR (Two at Hull).—Thank you; space does not permit.—J. CHAMPION (Westbourne Park).—Fie!!! It, and many besides, one penny each, of any newsagent.—A. D. SLEIGH (Bristol).—Many thanks.—A. S. DUNN (Rochester).—It is a clever design. Treat with some pipemaker.—NELLIE DARE (South Kensington).—Write to the "good young man," by all means.—A. F. COOPER (Islington).—Very pleased "Ally Sloper's Waltz" was so loudly applauded. It is a favourite everywhere.—FLOSS O'MOORE (Belsize Park).—Thank you.—A. S. M. A. M. P. (Bayswater).—We cannot acknowledge the sin, as we see no wrong. ALLY recovered from the gooseberry pie accident long ago.—BILLY PUMKINS (Islington).—Thank you for the communication; have no room for it.—THOMAS RICHARDSON (Steam Printing Works).—The boots have been placed among the "Relics."—THANKS.—A. DAWSON (Rochdale).—Too late.—H. MULLER (Bradford).—Please exercise a little patience, and not form too hasty opinions.—G. E. BELMONT (Sebright Music Hall).—A. SLOPER often drops in to your admirable Show, and thinks it well deserving of all the good things which are said of it.—A. S. (Brixton).—Thanks.—W. A.—Doubtless.—MONA HUSSEY (Little Marlow).—The "Improver" has been placed among the "Relics."—Thank you.—ANON.—Thanks for wedding cake.—A. G. (Boy of thirteen).—Clever of you.—H. BRESLAUER (Cannon Street).—Thank you.—C. HENINGHEM (East Dulwich).—Thank you; no value.—SUBSCRIBER (No Address).—Sorry we cannot do what you ask. No space.—FRED (Bath).—Thank you for kind expressions.—JACK C. L. ZORN (Blackheath Road).—Very good; regret, however, having no room for it.—A. ASS (N. London).—Twice in course of preparation.—WALTER MORAN (Hutton Garden).—Very good. Thank you; sorry we cannot accept offer.

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the BEST BIRTHDAY CARD SENT TO TOOTSIE.

As Tootsie was born on the First of May, amid the fresh beauties of Spring, lovely flowers, and golden sunshine,

Address all Competitions to

"THE QUEEN OF THE MAY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close this day, SATURDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"SHALL I help the cheese?" enquired young Greenhorn the other night, at supper at Robinson's boarding-house. "Sniff! sniff! I should think, by the smell of it," answered Robinson, "that the cheese was strong enough to help itself."

Irish Farmer (to men cutting trusses of hay). Now, then, boys, what are ye after here? Why ain't ye doin' somethin'?

Man. Please, sir, we ain't got no more haybands.

Farmer. Howley Moses! There's plenty of straw in the barn. Go and make haybands of that.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 156.—The "Golden Butterfly" Costume.



THE BANK HOLIDAY DEMON, who glories in pushing and pulling the nerve-jarring Constant Screamer to everyone else's discomfort.



JUSTICE, THOUGH TARDY, IS SURE. And the neglected drains and careless sanitary arrangements are slowly but surely rising up against the gripping landlord, in the shape of an avenging Nemesis of Fever.



ANOTHER APRIL "FOOL"—A FRIGHTEN BOAT MASHER.



QUITE A MATCH FOR HIM.



SINKING, OR THE LOST FISH.

"I HEAR that Simmons has got the bums in," observed Bullion, the wealthy banker. "He is very unfortunate. He works very hard, but he never seems to be able to get on. I do feel for him." "Have you felt in the proper way?" inquired the gentleman to whom he was speaking. "Proper way! What do you mean?" "Why, in the pocket where you keep your money?"

Jones. I understand that Miss Smith was married yesterday.

Brown. Alas she is no more.

Jones. What do you mean? Anything happened to her? What—

Brown. No. I only said she was no more a lass, having become a respectable married woman.

WHEN does a man get about in the smallest possible space?—When he goes to a ball in patent leather shoes.

Sentimental Youth (standing in doorway to crowded Ball-room).

I WISH I was I know where,
And I know who was with me;
I wish I had I know what,
And I know who could give me.

Practical Youth (who's had enough of it, standing next to him).

I wish I was safe at home,
And by my own fireside,
With a tankard tipp'd with foam,
And steak and taters fried.

"ARE you going to church this morning, ALLY?" inquired Mrs. Sloper last Sunday. "No, my dear," replied the Eminent, "I don't think it's safe. I see that a church roof fell in the other day somewhere on the Continent, and injured a lot of people, and once that sort of thing begins there's no knowing where it ends. I'll tidy up the back-garden till the houses open."

Printer to Composer (in search of a job). Do you understand punctuation.

Composer. Oh, yes, sir.

Printer. Can you put a stop to a woman's tongue?

Composer. I haven't reached that point yet, sir. I shouldn't be out of work if I could do that.

"GOING to marry Miss Airers, I understand." "Yes; this day fortnight." "Do you love her?" "I love the best part of her." "What's that?" "Her money."

Bank Cashier (to McGooseley, who has presented Small Cheque). How will you take it?

McGooseley (overcome by old associations). Cold, please, and not too much water.

"I've just bought an American aloe," remarked Softy, a few days ago, to a friend whom he met in the City. "What for?" asked the latter. "Why, the man says that it has just bloomed, and I want to see if it is true that it only blossoms once in a hundred years."

Party on Bank (to Party in Punt). What luck, master? Caught anything?

Party in Punt. No, I haven't.

Party on Bank. Well, I never! Sat there all these hours, and not a single fish!

Party in Punt. Go away, man; go away. I'm fishing for fun.

"EASTER is here, my hubby dear,
And of course you'll take me out."
"I would, my dear, but much I fear.
Please don't commence to pout."

"Oh, yes, I know you're busy, so
You must go to the City."

"No, really, wife, upon my life
You're wrong, and more's the pity."

"Then tell me why, I would not pry,
But on my word 'tis funny."

"I'll tell you flat, provoking cat,
I haven't got the money."

MRS. HENPECKER caught cold last week, and in the middle of the night she woke up her unfortunate husband, and exclaimed, "I am going to be very ill, P. I know I am. It hurts me so whenever I try to breathe." "Then I wouldn't try, my dear," answered Henpecker, thoughtlessly.

[She made him a warm quarter of an hour after that.]

SCENE—A Volunteer Fire Station.

First Fireman. I say, Thompson, what made you join the Brigade?

Second Fireman. Why, I'm a single man, and wanted a little excitement. Why did you join?

First Fireman (with a sigh). Why, I'm a married man, and wanted a little peace and quietness.

"You men are all deceivers," said Tootsie the other day to the Count. "You passed me just now without even looking at me." "Believe me, mademoiselle, that I did not see," replied the Count; "for if I had looked at you, assuredly I could not have passed."

Alexandry (after mature consideration). Guv'nor, is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?

The Eminent. Certainly not, my son, but it is usually considered an utter impossibility, and if by chance you did succeed, it would be a very young one.

"You don't seem to care for your soup," observed the host, nervously. "Is there—er—anything wrong?" "Well, to tell you the truth, old man," answered Lord Epicure, the guest of the evening, "I have every respect for your cook; but, as a married man, I must protest against her sending me these little pledges of affection," and he held up a bunch of tangled hair. Ugh!

Johnson. I don't believe in phlebotomy, sir. Under any circumstances, it must be perfectly useless.

Smithers. Why so?

Johnson. Because it must be labour in vein. Ha, ha!

OH! for a day of enjoyment,
Of placid and peaceful fun,
Far from the cares of employment
Amid the fresh air and the sun!

Starting at ten in the morning,
Called at the pub. for some stout;
And there all temptations scorning,
We stayed till we were turned out.

WHAT is the difference between Charles the First and Cranmer? They were both the victims of indigestion—the one suffering from the effect of a hard chop, and the other from a tough steak (stake).

Aged Swell (brushing his scanty whiskers in front of the looking-glass). Ah, my dear, a few years ago the girls used to say that I was a deuced handsome young fellow.

Cruel Wife. Pshaw! girls do tell such dreadful falsehoods.

IT seems strange and inconsistent that on board the river steamers passengers are not allowed to speak to the man at the wheel, for on the face of it he must be a good spokes-man.

Mother. Ethel, you are a very naughty little girl, and I shall have to whip you.

Ethel (with vivid recollections of a recent visit to the dentist). Then, please, mamma, let me have gas.

TOOTSIE SLOPER'S POOR PA'S THIRD ANNIVERSARY.
JUBILEE JINKS.

If there is one thing more than another that Poor Pa goes in for is an anniversary.



The course of true love.

General Gooth, or that of the editor of the *Pat.*, or the vaccination of Greenacre, or the acclimatizing of Claude du Val, or the institution of the Blue Ribbon Army, or the tri-centenary of the present Deputy-Assistant Under-Junior Clerk of the Weather. (May the north-east wind bless him!)

When Poor Pa is thusly disposed he sometimes commences with a few eloquent utterances relative to the precise anniversary in question, and imperceptibly, as it were, slides off into other topics; but as Mr. McGooseley, I must allow, very truly remarks, it doesn't seem to matter much.

The notion as to this particular anniversary was, of course, as you can imagine, that it should be something out of the common. To the surprise of all, but more than all of Poor Pa, taking into consideration the gross ignorance and imbecility of all the rest concerned, this "HALF-HOLIDAY" rag (of which I must confess I myself am much ashamed) has actually struggled on to its third birthday. How? Why? Well, that matters not. But would you believe me? whilst I and Poor Pa the other morning were waltzing round Poor Pa's news-vendor and cigar merchant's, two gay young male men romped in and bought a copy each, and Poor Pa casually introduced me and had cigars, and, after squeezing my hand, I



"Bless ye, my childling!"

believe soda and something round the corner afterwards. One I heard say was proud to know Poor Pa, and Poor Pa I heard answer, "Right you are, my boy," and heartily slapped the young gentleman on the back; and then I heard the young gentleman coughing. That Bob returning from the country, where he has been for some time past in attendance on his aged parent, proposed a festival in honour of the anniversary. As I said, right off, what less could he do after stopping away all this while, and as Ma said, "Why be beholden?" which I quite agreed with.

Poor Pa said, "If there is to be an anniversary at all, it is my affair, and mine only. For the soup, the fish, the joint, the *entrée*, the sweets, the cheese and *et ceteras*, I am responsible, and I alone. If his lordship, your betrothed, would contribute, let him see to the *hors d'œuvres*."

I suppose Bob did see to those, whatever they might be, and filled up gaps whenever Poor Pa forgot anything at the last. He, anyhow, sent some turtle and a salmon, a quarter of lamb and poultry, rhubarb pie, jam tarts, Stilton cheese, salad, and several sorts of wine, and said he was sorry he could not have done all.

Of course, the Dook and Billy dropped in to see that everything was properly served, and Mr. McGooseley kindly tasted the "Scotch," in order that no fusil oil should be left in the spirit.



Poor Pa presided.

After all, however, it was an evening to remember. Poor Pa, who took the head of the table, supported by the Dook and Billy, made a touching speech, and I told Bob it seemed a pity the course of true love could not run smoother, to which Poor Pa very feelingly added, "Bless ye, my childling," and Ma, Billy, and the Dook cried.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."
ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH.
Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:-

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 23rd, 1887.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, April 27th, 1887. The Result of the Competition of April 16th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 30th, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

37th WEEK. RESULT OF APRIL 9th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:-

1. ANNIE PARKER, Actress, 124 Gower Street, Act. 27 years. Subscriber—LONDON.
2. SERGT. A. KNIGHT, 3rd Bat. Grenadier Guards, Wellington Barracks, Act. 24 years. Subscriber—24 years. LONDON.
3. ANNIE POSTLE, Landress, 15 George Street, Woolwich. Act. 32 years. Subscriber—1 year and 11 months. LONDON.
4. HENRY PLAISTER, Hairdresser, Market Hill. Act. 50 years. Subscriber—since commencement. ROYSTON.
5. ALGERNON P. DONKIN, Draper, 58 High Street, Waterloo. Act. 19 years. Subscriber—since 1854. BLYTH.
6. HENRY MIZON, Assistant Overseer and Tax Collector, Hellons Bumpstead. Act. 39 years. Subscriber—2 years, 8 months, 1 week. HAVERHILL.
7. JOS. FRED. DUTTON, Tanner, Dane Crescent. Act. 28 years. Subscriber—over 4 months regular. NORTHWICH.
8. FREDERICK WILLIAM GILBEY, Relieving Officer, Potter Street. Act. 28 years. Subscriber—18 months. HARLOW.
9. ABEL C. BOOTH, Mason, 2 Platt Street, Padfield. Act. 35 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. GLOSSOP.
10. JOHN ALFRED BROOM, Labourer, Anna Cottages, Swanscombe. Act. 60 years. Subscriber—since commencement. DARTFORD.
11. JAMES MCQUEEN, Colliery Labourer, 26 Lower Granby Street. Act. 39 years. Subscriber—1 year, 3 months. ILKESTON.
12. LEWIS ALMOND, Signalmen, Itaskelf. Act. 24 years. Subscriber—18 months. EASINGWOLD.
13. R. W. CRAMP, Tramway Manager, 17 Stener Street. Act. 23 years. Subscriber—2 years, 6 months. ACCRINGTON.
14. F. W. HULME, Ironmonger, High Town. Act. 24 years. Subscriber—over 24 years. MIDDLEWICH.
15. JONATHAN G. S. STEPHENSON, Chemist's Assistant, 3 Garden Street. Act. 19 years. Subscriber—since 5th Number. TODMORDEN.
16. W. DESMOND DURANT, Bank Clerk. Act. 22 years. Subscriber—about 2 years. SHIFNAL.
17. HAROLD POSTLETHWAITE, Boy, The Grove. Act. 14½ years. Subscriber—9 months and 2 weeks. WEM.
18. R. E. CUMING, Schoolboy, 3 South View, Kingskerswell. Act. 14½ years. Subscriber—over 2 years. NEWTON ABBOT.
19. PRIMROSE S. THORLEY, Clerk, Hammersley Harpos. Act. 24 years. Subscriber—15 months and 3 weeks. CHEADLE.
20. P. W. T. RIDSDALE, Schoolboy, South Raynham Vicarage. Act. 14 years. Subscriber—1½ years. SWAFFHAM.

20,000 "ALLY SLOPER" PIPES GIVEN AWAY.

To-day "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" completes its Third Year of existence, 156 Weekly Numbers having been published. To celebrate the gay and festive occasion, A. SLOPER, Public Benefactor, will give away 20,000 Colouring Clay Pipes (representing his well-known features) to those of his admirers desirous of possessing one of what Mrs. Sloper calls "little gems."

TOWN APPLICANTS
Should call at "THE SLOPERIES" any time between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. on

SATURDAY, APRIL 30th,
When a SLOPER PIPE will be presented to them *Gratis*.

COUNTRY APPLICANTS
Should forward cost of postage, 1d., in Stamps, and the Pipe will be forwarded, packed securely, in a little box.

Address—"PIPE,"
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE BETTER BIT.

WE entered a well-known hostelry a few evenings ago, to see what the time was, of course, just as a howl of agony rent the air—and to our surprise we observed Smith with Brown's little finger in his mouth. We asked for an explanation, and Brown exclaimed, "Why, Smith bet me two drinks that he would eat me." "Yes; but I didn't say all at once," cried Brown; "I'll do it by degrees." "You had better pay for the drinks," advised we.

A POOR ARTIST.

"CLEMENT," said Jennie, "do you think that in course of time you will rise in your profession?"

"Well, yes, I hope so," replied Clement, "if I work hard and stick at it. But why do you ask?"

"It's not altogether fair to answer a question with a question," said Jennie, with a sly little look at Clement, as they sat together on the couch, and Clement's arm placed lovingly round Jennie's dainty waist; "but, of course, Ma is anxious that whoever is to be my husband must be able to make a comfortable home."

"Twas kindly said and kindly meant, but Clement left with sundry misgivings as to his own capability of attaining the happiness upon which he had centred his hopes. Jennie was really a good girl and felt sincere attachment to Clement, but her Ma was something of a shrewd, practical woman, and had always been in the habit of working her own will with a strong determination, which some unkind persons might not altogether wrongly have called "shrewishness."

Anyhow, she looked upon the young aspirant for Academical honours with no favouring eye, and was not backward in showing it to be so, both to Clement and her own daughter. This, of course, had anything but an encouraging influence upon either of the young people. In addition to her natural sweetness of manner, Jennie had a quiet resolution of her own, and she determined to call upon Clement's mother during his absence, and lay the truth of circumstances plainly and clearly before her.

Mrs. Jollieboy was a genuine specimen of a kind, considerate, and genial lady, who, being a widow and in somewhat reduced circumstances, naturally took every careful interest in her son Clement.

She received Jennie in a most pleasant and amiable manner, and listened to Jennie's rather disconsolate recital of affairs. It was decided between them that Clement should call upon Jennie's mamma, and in an honourable manner ask permission to pursue a proper course in regard to eventually claiming Jennie for his own.

Poor Jennie left with many doubts as to the success of the project, and sought the seclusion of her room to brood upon them, which did neither herself any good or advanced the cause in her mother's good graces.

With all due dispatch Clement performed the, to him, unpleasant task of confronting the shrew. With beating heart and nervous hand he rang the bell, and requested audience of Jennie's mamma.

Five minutes afterwards an elderly, vicious-looking lady, with intense excitement written upon her face, and her bonnet and shawl arranged with anything but ladylike neatness and decorum, hurried with swift strides towards, and burst into, the charming sanctum of the Jollieboys, without the slightest notice of her arrival being given.

For the sake of sparing female dignity, the display of GEESERISM, exhibited by the fuming lady who, unannounced, had outraged the decency of an English homestead, must be passed over.

Jennie's friends, having missed her smiling face for some time, made anxious enquiries as to her welfare and whereabouts, but were met with abuse and rebuffs from Jennie's excited mother, who stormed and raved in anything but a ladylike manner. One dear girl, however, by strategy, interviewed the domestic who had a high opinion of Jennie's good nature and kindness, and discovered that the poor girl had been packed off to a termagant aunt in the wilds of Derbyshire to undergo a course of discipline at the hands of Mamma's sister.

Jennie was slightly comforted by the receipt of loving epistles from her girl friends, but her heart was breaking.

For weeks a dejected, listless, forlorn, and miserable youth was daily seen seated at his easel, holding his head in his hands, the picture of abject despair. His canvas was prepared but untouched, his palette ready to hand but clean and unstained, his colours arranged neatly but unmixed, and his pencils laying idly on the table, all speaking volumes of untold misery through which Clement had passed, and all because he was "A Poor Artist."



"Do you think you will rise in your profession?"



Received Jennie in a pleasant manner.



A display of Geeserism.



"YOICKS, HARK FORWARD, LIKEWISE TALLY HO-O-YO-HO!"

Uncle Benjamin says it's all very well to "Yoicks!" and "Hark Forward!" but wait till a skittish mare jerks you into a ditch, and then comes "Yo-ho-o-yo-ho!" as much as you like.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I.—The drunken Sergeant meets—

ACT II.—His—drunken—Inspector.



ACT III. (And last).—Then follows much mixing up of the force.

THE DEMON GONDOLIER.—A "KEW"-RIOUS LEGEND OF THE THAMES.



SEE THE KONKERING KONKER KOMES!
The Drum-Majorum sent on before, to announce the coming of A SLOPER, the krack komik konker, in full war-paint, in his peerage knumber.



DEAD, DYING, OR DESERTED?
Where are my Ranter's Flocks? Far, far away!



1. PROLOGUE. The scene, Venice. A sumptuously furnished apartment. Two persons present. One a lovely girl, the other a sardonically handsome man. Noble Venetian red blood flows in their respective veins. The man speaks. "You scorn me now, Stella; but some day you will and SHALL be mine."



2. SCENE.—The Silvery Thames. A bright and glorious day. Why describe the picture, so often done before? Space, too, forbids. But who is this canoeing with such easy grace—the envy of sinewy, sunburnt men, and admiration of elegant women? 'Tis the young and opulent lord, Harry.



3. Lazily he ruffles the surface of the odoriferous Thames with his paddle. A pretty Italian girl, having wandered from the organ she has been grinding, stands watching the gay scene. "Have a ride?" cries he, gaily, running the nose of his canoe into the bank at her feet.



4. Lord Harry is not proud, and readily falls in with this levelling age. She accepts, and soon is singing him, with tambourine accompaniment, a gay Venetian melody. "Esquisto!" he murmurs, looking into her soft, black eyes—Lord Harry is a good linguist—and at that moment looms in sight a strange gondola.



5. How it came, and where from, no one seemed to know—for 'tis not the gondola. The little black cabin in the prow is unoccupied. The next instant, wildly shrieking the name "Stella!" the sardonically handsome gondolier steered his craft completely over that of Lord Harry's.



6. And the sky, which till now has been serenely beautiful, becomes suddenly overcast—thunder crashed, lightning flashed, rain splashed—and then as suddenly the sun again bursts forth, and naught of the gondola is seen, but only Lord Harry clinging, nearly exhausted, to a water-lily.



TIDDLEY-UM-TE-TUM-TE-TUM!
"Go it, Bullee! Foot it out to your heart's content, my boy!"



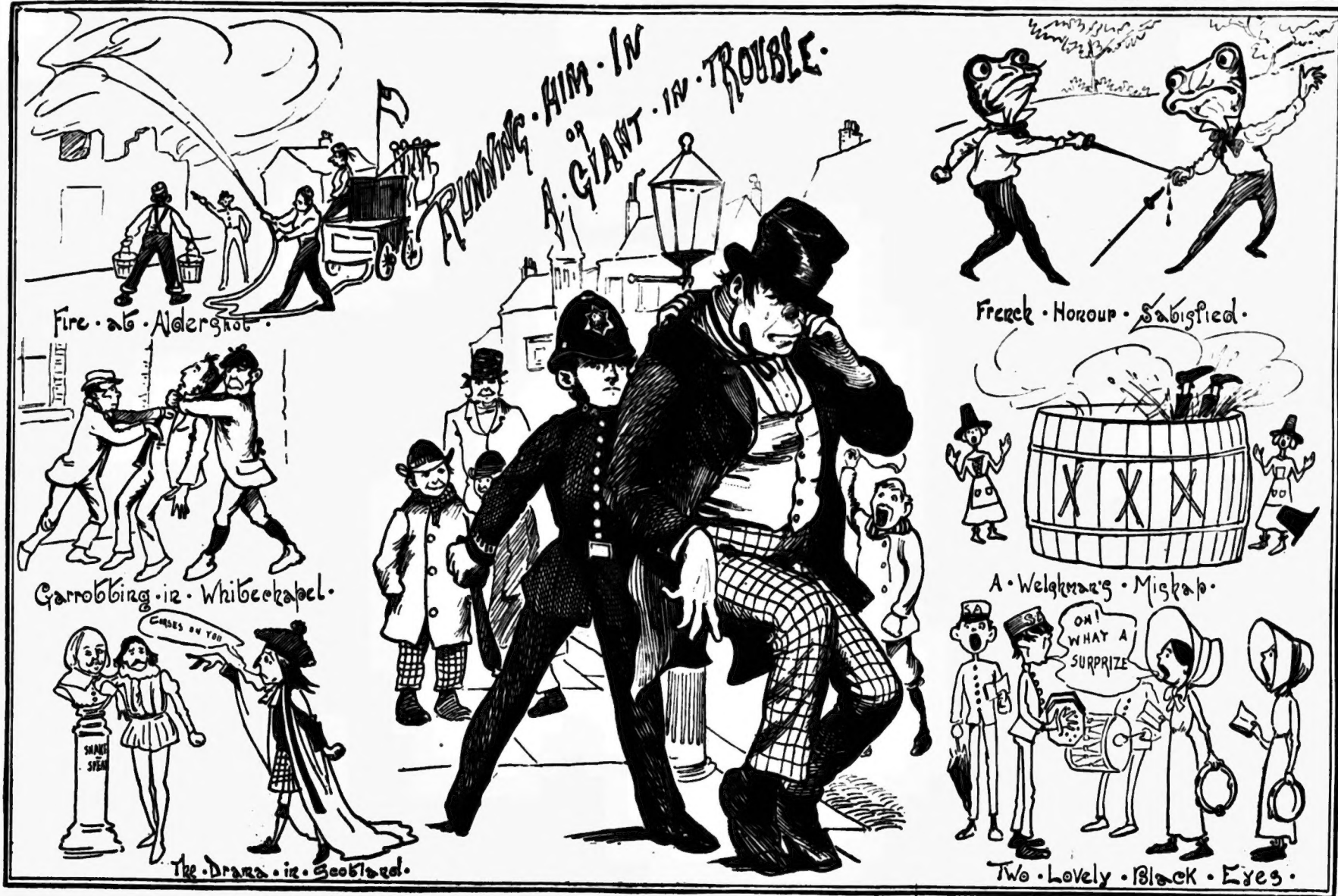
AS FREE AND HAPPY AS THOUGH THEY DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.
"Now, then, Jack—play! Go it, Jack, guv' him a bash as 'ard as hever you can. Make him hum!"



KNEW HIS BOOK, MY BOY!—But still they poked fun at him.



PICKHEAD DOING THE HEAVY.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ladies and Gentlemen, behold a mixed medley measure, merrily meted 'midst many mopes made mostly moody through the variable month of April:—Our red-coat boys, so fiercely "hot," Had a huge "fire," but ne'er a "shot":—"Tis cropping up, "the same old game," At Whitechapel. Wipe out this shame!—Poor Wally Bentley got it warm. Ye Kyrking Scots, he did no harm!—Policeman 46 D.R. Showed better "pluck" than "Jim," by far!—The French must have a "fine" idea of satisfying "honour dear"!—Poor Taffy sniffing, feeling queer, Pitched in a caldron of hot beer:—Salvation soldiers (sic) perform Some well-known airs, "Walk up!" "Reform!"—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



SWEET DREAMS OF THE "MATRONLY."
She had been wondering, before she slept, what to get the "family" for dinner the next day, and in her dreams she beheld Venus with a turnip.
[We wish Venus would visit us in our dreams.]



THE DEVIL AND HIS DUPE,
Or Mephisto kidding and coddling the brainless, senseless, and empty-headed youth of the present day.



SNAPS AND SNARLS FROM THE KENNEL CLUB.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THIS is a proud and happy day for A. SLOPER. 'Tis now exactly three years since he started his world-famed "HALF-HOLIDAY,"



this being the 156th weekly number published. The Friend of Man can honestly say that during that short period, through the medium of his paper, he has done more for the advancement of education than all the Board Schools in the country put together. He has endeavoured to make the "HALF-HOLIDAY" a sort of weekly moral lesson, and he flatters himself he has succeeded in reforming the large class of wails and strays that General Gooth and others have failed to tackle. It's just as well to say that the paper will be carried on the same old lines as heretofore, more for philanthropic motives than any others. By this time next year A. SLOPER says the circulation will be quite double what it is now.

ALLY has received many complaints about the serious injury inflicted on the very poor by the sudden publication of the proclamation against French copper coins. Perhaps Mr. Goschen's letter explaining that it is importation only which the Government meant to prohibit will in a few days cause these coins to pass from hand to hand again almost as readily as ever, until such time as the matter can be dealt with in a business-like form. The Friend of Man cannot allow small shopkeepers and costermongers, who spin the merry browns, to be the sufferers through the blamed Frog-eaters.

MRS. SLOPER learns that Mrs. Scott, an old lady resident at Bristol, wished to obtain a blaze quickly. Not thinking what she was doing, she threw a quantity of paraffin oil upon her fire, and without doubt the conflagration was immediately successful. The "Matronly" never jests upon a grave subject, but she says the charred body which was found on the floor of the room in which the experiment had been made, at least suggests to reflective people that a handful of matches are rather safer in starting the kettle "on the boil" than a pint of inflammable mineral oil.

FOLLOWING the example of the wise men, Messrs. Douglass have journeyed from Shoreditch in the East to Wych Street in the West. Playgoers of the Strand and its adjacent parts may not yet have witnessed the wonderful drama, *A Dark Secret*, and if so, they should hurry up, for the Standard company and its tank will only remain in their present quarters for two more weeks. As a matter of course, the tank, which is of far greater importance than the company, has had to be reduced. We understand the curtailment amounts to over seven feet in width, and over seventy in length.

THE Dook Snook understands that not longer ago than 1846 a mastodon skeleton was exhibited in New Orleans as that of a giant. The cranium was made of raw hide, fantastic wooden teeth were fitted in the jaws, all missing parts were restored after the human model, and the whole raised upon the hind legs. And, says Snooky, it certainly conveyed the notion of "a hideous, diabolical giant," and was no doubt responsible for many nightmares.

TOTTIE GOODENOUGH has to congratulate Miss Catherine Heathorn, who for many years carried on the business of a brewer at Maidstone, and has just entered upon the 104th year of her age. Miss Heathorn, who is known as "The Maid of Kent," continues to reside at Maidstone. She retains her good health and all her faculties, and enjoys as lively a disposition as many half her age. She gives an interesting account of how she helped to tie up bundles of candles for a ship's chandler of Chatham when a pressing order arrived from the authorities for a supply for the use of the sailors on board Nelson's ship *Victory*. She went on board the famous ship before it bore Nelson to Trafalgar, and when the vessel came home battered and torn she again inspected it. Her recollections of other events are strikingly clear.

A. SLOPER is enthusiastic with Mr. De Rutzen. Listen. One of the idiots who go to church for the purpose of creating a disturbance was sentenced recently at Marylebone Police Court to two months' imprisonment for annoying the congregation at St. Silas's, Kentish Town. ALLY says if only all magistrates would imitate the De Rutzen Timely Severity, we should soon hear the last of a species of outrage which has of late become far too common.

A PERSON of enterprise in New York, it seems, has launched the novel idea of opening shops where bachelors and other males whose clothing temporarily goes wrong, can be refitted at a trifling cost. At these establishments there will be attendants waiting to sew buttons on to gentlemen's shirts, coats, and waistcoats, to darn socks, to repair rifts in umbrellas. It is needless to remark that these shops, if dotted about the main streets of a capital, would come as a boon and a blessing to the wayfarer, whether bachelor or married man.

THE Sloperian Showman understands that Walt Whitman, the American poet, recently received a letter from Lord Tennyson, in which the British Poet Laureate addressed his Transatlantic brother as "Dear Old Man." This leads us to expect that ALLY will soon be receiving a letter from Lord Salisbury commencing with the affectionate words, "Beloved Brick," and continuing, "How the jolly old hat and umbrella are you?"

POLICE-CONSTABLE ADAMS, 205 R, who has just been presented with a watch and chain, and purse containing £26, for the arrest of Cornelius Hennessey, seems to have had a sharp tussle of it. The constable arrested Hennessey about two o'clock in the morning, and a desperate encounter, lasting half an hour, ensued. Two of the fingers of his left hand were gnawed to the bone, and his left ankle was kicked out of joint, but he retained hold of his prisoner till assistance arrived. Hennessey was tried at the Old Bailey the following sessions and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Police-constable Adams is still incapacitated for duty.

BILLYUM HIGGINS jeeringly says that George Smith is too clever by half. In company with a friend he entered a "pub," the other day. The wife of the landlord a little time afterwards happened to look over her shoulder, and saw George extending a fishing-rod over the counter across the board. There was a kind of fork at the end of the rod by which he lifted a wine-glass containing five half-sovereigns from the ledge upon which it stood. The lady gave the alarm, and George was apprehended. Billyum hopes that during the six months which he will spend secluded from his friends he will probably reflect upon the nursery rhyme of "Simple Simon went a-fishing," &c., &c.

DR. OSCAR LENZ, the Austrian who has walked, unharmed by savage or by disease, through the heart of Africa, writes to ALLY to say that the negroes who are taught to read and write mostly become unfit for any manual occupation. They consider themselves as good as the white man, think it undignified to toil, and when not engaged in holding large and noisy prayer meetings, at which every man wants to take his turn at preaching, they roam about begging, and take it very ill if they cannot live altogether on doles from their white fellow-Christians. ALLY considers that the renegade negro Christian almost always turns criminal.

TOOTSIE is glad that the spring has come, but she thinks the woods and fields are as yet far from responding to the poetic traditional picture of the vernal time. She says had the season been a normal one the horse-chestnuts would now be putting forth little leaves like drooping fingers, but the buds are still enclosed by their tough and sticky scales, which receive the shock of the keen frost, and the folded leaves within are neatly packed in layers of wool.

A NEW kind of telephone has been invented in the East, by which, if placed in a room full of people, the slightest whisper can be heard any distance off. The chambers of the ladies will be a favourite place to secrete the instrument. A tell-tale listener may lurk behind a curtain, a picture, or a flower. Indeed, ALLY does not see why it might not be placed in ambush in a timepiece, a door-handle, or a piece of furniture. What is especially fearful in this telephone is that it conveys the tone of voice and accent of the speaker, so ladies of the harem beware!

THE Eminent *Littérateur* is glad to see that the Portman Rooms in Baker Street, or perhaps better known as "Old Madame Tussaud's," (*Rest her soul!*) were turned to such good service as to be the rendezvous of the Shakespearian Celebratists, under the here-there-and-everywhere guiding starship of Mr. Edwin Drew. ALLY thinks he has seen this gentleman in the flesh, but the shade of Immortal Billyum only visits him in his dreams, so that he draws the conclusion that Drew drew considerably upon his imagination in drawing representations of the Big 'Un, which when drawn, proved to be a drawing drawn by Drew, in a manner which drew a draw. Here ALLY adjourned for lunch and two of unsweetened.

LORD BOB hears that the Royal library at Stockholm contains a remarkable literary curiosity, called the devil's code, which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it should have been done by a single human being. His lordship says that a poor monk, who had been condemned to death, was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the whole of the code in a single night. His judges furnished him with the original pen and ink, and left him in his well-barred prison. The unfortunate monk began to try his last impossible task with the vain hope of accomplishing it. Afraid of a cruel and certain death, and perhaps doubting the promise of a better life hereafter, he invoked the aid of the Prince of Darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in his task. The Dark Spirit appeared as soon as he was called, concluded the contract, sat down like any copying clerk, and next morning the devil's code was finished.

LET penny-a-liners who read these lines tremble in their shoes. In our engine-room at the present moment we are educating a fine and large brown retriever, the very look of which is instant death, and his bite worse than the ten plagues of Egypt rolled into one. His function is to take the rolls of manuscript sent in by unworthy contributors and placidly place them in the famous W.P.B. If the contributor gives vent to any surprise or displeasure by so much as lifting up a single hair upon his eyebrow, that brown retriever will take him in the place adjacent to the buttons upon the back of his coat, and drop him down the steep slope of stairs, at the bottom of which he will be left to die slowly of starvation.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 30TH, 1887.

24th April, 1868.—The *Yorkshire Post* of this date says:—"As a singular result of the conveyance of sound and atmospheric concussion, the principal and assistant gunners at the North Stack Fog Gun Station, Holyhead, which is sixty-two miles from Kingstown, report that in a few minutes after the firing of the guns of the ironclads and artillery in Kingstown Harbour, on the arrival of the royal yacht, the windows of their station-house were heard to clap repeatedly, and the whole station, which is built on Holyhead mountain, shook as by an earthquake. North Stack is immediately opposite Kingstown Harbour, with no intervening land, and overhangs the sea."

24th April, 1556.—Osep Napea, the first ambassador from Russia to England, this day made his appearance at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and delivered his master's presents. In the reign of Anne, the ambassador of Peter the Great was arrested in his carriage in London for a debt of £50. Peter, and the foreign ministers generally, demanded summary punishment on the offenders. The British Constitution did not, of course, permit of punishment without trial and conviction; but an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent the repetition of this offence to foreign nations.

24th April, 1866.—Two men and four women were this day drowned by the upsetting of a boat off Chelsea.

25th April, 1886.—St. Mark's Day. At Alnwick a curious custom exists in connection with the admission of *freemen* of the common. The persons who are to receive this privilege march on horseback, in great ceremony, dressed in white, with swords by their sides, to the common, headed by the Duke of Northumberland, chamberlains and bailiff. Arrived at the *Freemen's Well*, a large dirty pool on the border of the common, they all deliberately walk through it, coming out begrimed with mud, and dripping all over. Then hastily changing their clothes, and having comforted themselves with a dram, they make a round of the common, return into the town, where a ceremonial reception by fantastically-dressed women awaits them, and end by calling at each other's houses and imbibing more liquor. It appears that this curious procedure has reference to a visit which King John paid to Alnwick. Having been "laired" in this pool, he punished the inhabitants for their bad roads by imposing upon them, in the charter of their common, an obligation each to subject himself on his entry to the same filthy ablution.

26th April, 1569.—The following licence, issued by Elizabeth in the eleventh year of her reign, regarding Sunday amusements for the people, bears this date:—"To all mayors, sheriffs, constables, and other head officers within the county of Middlesex. After our hearty commendations, whereas we are informed that one John Secotoun, poulter, dwelling within the parish of St. Clement's Danes, being a poor man, having four small children, and fallen into decay, is licensed to have and use some plays and games at or upon several Sundays, for his better relief, comfort, and sustenance, within the county of Middlesex, to commence and begin at and from the 22nd of May next coming, after the date hereof, and not to remain in one place not above three several Sundays; and we considering that great resort of people is like to come thereunto, we will and require of you, as well for good order as also for the preservation of the Queen's Majesty's peace, that you take with you four or five of the discreet and substantial men within your office or liberties where the games shall be put in practice, then and there to foresee and do your endeavour to your best in that behalf, during the continuance of the games or plays, which games are hereafter severally mentioned; that is to say the shooting with the standard, the shooting with the broad arrow, the shooting at twelve score prick, the shooting at the Turk, the leaping for men, the running for men, the wrestling, the throwing of the sledge, and the pitching of the bar, with all such other games as have at any time heretofore, or now, be licensed, used, or played."

27th April, 1883.—The *Gazette* of this date contained a Queen's Proclamation establishing the Order of the "Royal Red Cross," a decoration for nurses who devote themselves to the care of the sick and wounded in war.

27th April, 1785.—Prince Leopold of Brunswick was drowned this day at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, while endeavouring to succour the inhabitants of a village which was overflowed.

27th April, 1745.—The punishment of the ducking-stool was this day inflicted, for the last time, upon the landlady of the "Queen's Head," Kingston-on-Thames.

28th April, 1837.—Mr. T. Raikes, in his Diary of this date, writes:—"The other day —, who is a member of the Jockey Club, and one of the sporting characters in Paris, made a bet of some value that he would take some extraordinary leap on horseback in the Bois. The bet was to be decided in two or three days. Madame —, hearing of it, conceived the greatest anxiety for his safety. She went early in the morning into the stables, and asked the groom which was the horse that — intended to ride that day for the pending wager, and on his pointing out the animal, ordered him to turn it round in the stall, and then very coolly drawing a pistol from under her mantleau, fired at the horse's head, but without effect, as it flashed in the pan. She then turned round to her *valet de chambre*, and ordered him to reload the pistol. A second attempt was more successful—the poor beast was mortally wounded; and as he lay struggling on the ground, she ordered the servants to put him out of his pain by stabbing him with a poniard, which was accordingly done. When — awoke, he was told that the anxious affection of his wife had destroyed a valuable horse and subjected him to a considerable forfeit for the non-performance of his wager."

29th April, 1854.—Henry William Paget, Marquis of Anglesey—*le beau sabreur* of the British army—died this day full of years and honours. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards at Christchurch, Oxford. His military bias was early displayed. Having raised a regiment on his father's estates, it was embodied as the 80th, or Staffordshire Volunteers, and with Lord Paget as its lieutenant-colonel, joined the British army in Flanders in 1794. In the following year he was transferred to the cavalry, for which his dashing courage and prompt decision peculiarly fitted him. Serving as colonel of the 7th Dragoons in Holland, 1799, he at once acquired distinction as a brilliant cavalry officer, and raised that arm of the service to an importance it had never before enjoyed. In 1807 he was promoted to major-general, and in the following year to lieutenant-general, commanding two brigades of horse in the Peninsula, and securing no common reputation by his dashing services at Sahagun, Mayorga, and Benevente. But it was at Waterloo, where he held the chief command of the cavalry, that he earned the highest fame. The famous charge of the Household Brigade, which he led in person, completely crushed Napoleon's hitherto invincible Cuirassiers, and on that memorable day his services to his country were only inferior to those of the Great Duke himself. Towards the close of the battle he received a wound in the leg which rendered amputation necessary. He was rewarded by his country with the Marquisate of Anglesea.

30th April, 1715.—Drury Lane is recorded to have had the honour of introducing Joe Miller to the London public, and the important event took place this day, when Mr. Miller made his bow in the part of young Clincher, in Farquhar's comedy of *The Constant Couple*; or, *A Trip to the Jubilee*. Joe afterwards became manager of a theatre in Bartholomew Fair. The *London Daily Post* thus records the fact:—"At Pinkethman, Miller, and Jubilee Dicket's Booth. At the 'Hartshorn Inn,' Smithfield, near Pie Corner, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be acted a celebrated droll, called, *The Injured General*; or, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, and *The Woman Never Veiled*, with the comical humours of *Squire Sousecrown* and *His Man Gudgeon*. All the parts to be performed by the comedians from Drury Lane."



THE NEW SHAM.

INNOCUOUS gun-powder! Oh! what a prize for gentlemen melodramatic Who del. gnt in ideal destruction and talk. In language less choice than emphatic.

With pistols terrific with phosphorus charged. They may slay, without further delaying. Any number of foes, who will rise up again. Not a penny the worse for the slaying.

Thus Members of Parli'ment indulge, as we know, In many preposterous phrases:

But their wit has no possible power to hurt, No matter how wildly it blazes.

SET-TING HIM TO RIGHTS.

"OH, dear, doctor, I am so bad," exclaimed an asthmatic patient to his medical man when he called upon him; "I can't lay, but I'm obliged to set." "All right," said the doctor, "then I'll send you round some eggs, I think that will be the wisest thing, under the circumstances."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" — one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 23rd, 1887.

Name

Address

Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

12th WEEK.

RESULT OF APRIL 9th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MRS. FALLOWS, 25 Nelson Square, BOLTON.

A LADY'S SATCHEL.

2. E. J. FREELAND, 11 Gillespie Road, Highbury, LONDON.

A SET OF BOXING-GLOVES.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WANTED, a husband, must be tall, and not too handsome, for fear of flirting. Must possess a fair amount of interesting and useful knowledge, and must be comfortably well off, viz., beyond the want of getting his wife to do the washing, clean grates and windows. In return, devoted attention and intense affection. As it is considered vain to say too much of self, I beg to subscribe myself tall, and fairly good looking. Address—"ENTERPRISE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG MEN, Jack and George, aged 25 and 23, tall (5 ft. 11 in. and 6 ft., respectively), fair, and good looking, holding responsible positions in a London Bank, wish to correspond with two young ladies, who must be young, pretty, and have good figures. No letters will be answered unless photos are enclosed. Address—"JACK AND GEORGE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A LADY, aged 38, tall, fair, considered good looking, with nice home, and a few hundreds at her command, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with moderate income, not younger than herself, with view to matrimony. To one who is good tempered, fond of home, she feels sure she would make a good and loving helpmate. Address—"LOUISE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG BRIEFLESS BARRISTER, fair, tall, good tempered, loving disposition, and all the sterling qualities calculated to make an excellent husband, in fact, "a good young man worth having," wishes to correspond with a young lady, tall, dark, musical, fond of dancing, and of private theatricals, good tempered, and loving. No objection to domestic servant, if good family. He has no income. Address—"JACK D.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, just left an orphan, with an income of £300 per annum, and a good furnished house, would like to correspond with a gentleman, with or without means. Looks no object, if he has a true, kind and loving heart, and would make a dear wife happy. Young lady is considered handsome, well domesticated, and musical, but wants a partner that would care for her for the rest of her life. Widower not objected to. No notice will be taken of any letters, unless photo is enclosed. Address—"DEAR JUBILEE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects."

COLOMBO, CEYLON, Feb. 4th, 1887.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—Whose witty sayings, sound advice, and hair-breadth adventures bring joy to the heart of the unwashed savage equally with the highly-civilised European; and whose genial countenance, brilliant proboscis, and small fifty-six pedicular extremities is the only weekly gleam of light in an otherwise dense darkness; your friends in Lanka send you greeting.

We are now in receipt of your weekly enlightener and heart-expander; we hasten to tender our sincere congratulations on the way in which the juvenile Adonis has been ushered through so many vicissitudes into this world of sin and care, here to watch over and endeavour to retrieve the sins of fallen humanity.

Best respects to the old lady, and fondest love from all the Englishmen in this land of spice (and malaria as well) to that charming creature Tootsie.—Yours admirably, LANKA.

THE HOSPITAL, WIMBLEDON, S.W., March 30th, 1887.

DEAREST ALLY,—Can you kindly in the coming Jubilee suggest anything to Her Most Gracious Majesty for the benefit of hard-working hospital nurses. We all feel, dear ALLY, in you we have a true friend to whom we can open our poor little hearts. Many a dull half-hour we spend in gazing at your most intellectual face. Should you at any time meet with an accident, which, by-the-by, we hope you may not, to that most prominent feature, the nose, we with tender care will bind up your wound and restore, if possible, it back to its natural size and shape, with poultice, good diet, and as much unsweetened as our good R. M. C. may think fit to order. Trusting you may hear from you before long, with much love, and best wishes, from your admiring friends, HOSPITAL NURSES.

18 LOWER QUEEN STREET, WHITEHAVEN, March 30th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER,—Such you must be, as I have been a "Sloper" in more than one instance when anything unpleasant was going to occur. I enclose you a few original, but weak (the emanation of a fragile brain), contributions. I don't expect they will be of any use, unless to add to the portly dimensions of your waste-paper basket. I also take the liberty of forwarding, per this post, one of my latest inflictions upon a much-enduring musical public. Should you ever feel in doubt upon whom to confer your valuable order of merit, give us a chance, old man, and I will ever pray, &c., yours till I'm awfully short of coppers, D. E. HOWELLS.

LILIAN VILLA, WALLWOOD ROAD, LEYTONSTONE.

April 1st, 1887.

MY DEAR OLD ALLY,—I feel I cannot allow the anniversary of your natal day to pass without sending you some token indicative of the high regard and esteem in which I hold your venerable person, at the same time expressing a sincere hope that I may have the distinguished honour and pleasure of drinking to your health (with the contents of your constant companion, the far-famed bottle) on the occasion of your centenary. It is really a matter of great embarrassment for me to select what I consider to be the most suitable present for your august acceptance, but after long and careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that I cannot do better than send you the enclosed packet of the best high-toned rouge (warranted a fast colour); it will enable you to maintain the brilliant radiance of your far-famed and world-renowned proboscis. "Oh! when will its glory fade? Never!" With kind regards to your most noble and eminent self, wishing you many happy returns of the day. I remain yours very affectionately, E. SKELT.

THEATRE OF VARIETIES, DUNDEE, April 1st, 1887.

DEAR BRO. ALLY,—I enclose a newspaper cutting to show you that you are not the only fortunate possessor of a "little Jubilee." Whether my little one will have as nicely a developed nose, or get introduced to Her Majesty at as early an age as yours, I know not; but your recognition of him would be a much greater gratification. When I see him myself, I will be enabled to judge if he is worthy of the distinction of his name and connection with your own darling, and the first time we have him photoed, your pet will have a copy sent. Let us, then, have mutual good wishes for our respective "celebrations," and believe me, Yours fraternally and sincerely, S. MARTI.

The Era has the following among its "births":—"At Cardiff, on March 8th, the wife of S. Marti (née Julia Creswick), of a fine Jubilee son. Both doing well."

PREMIUM COTTAGE, WOOD GREEN, N., April 2nd, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—You are so uniformly right on all points that it is quite a pleasure to catch you tripping, as I have done in "Burlington." Bless your innocent old heart, there is never anything like a "month's notice" in the drapery trade; if a governor finds fault with an assistant, out she goes at a moment's notice; and in most houses you sign an agreement to that effect on engagement. Always keep up the local colouring, dear ALLY, for what I tell you is correct; and I ought to know, for I can with truth sign myself, FIFTEEN YEARS BEHIND THE COUNTER.

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY WOMAN.

BY ONE WHO KNEW THE CENTURY IN ITS TEENS.

THEIR language is not over-choice,

From slang it chiefly springs;

They call their fathers "governors,"

Their mothers "dear old things,"

They talk of awful rows at home,

Of jolly too-too balls;

Of larks they have on opera nights

With fellows in the stalls.

Old-fashioned people sigh and say,

"Such language was not in our day!"

They call men by their Christian names—

Bob, Harry, Bill, or Joe;

And when outdoors they meet a friend,

They greet him with "Hallo!"

They talk of Monday evening "Pops,"

Of going to the Zoo;

They're down to every trick at cards—

Bang, Bésique, Nap, and Loo.

Old people stare, and wond'ring say,

"What dreadful women these to-day!"

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" has been presented to

ROBERT REID, 3 Westbourne Arcade, Bournemouth,

for a

DOUBLE-YOLKED GOOSE EGG

OF EXTRAORDINARY SIZE, AND WEIGHING TWELVE OUNCES,

sent as the

Best Easter Egg to MISS TOTTIE GOODENOUGH.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY ARE PAVIERS LIKE GOOD HENS?—Because they are always laying eggs-actly.

TO THE MINT AUTHORITIES.—If money makes money, is it liable to be indicted?

"TIES Pay the Dealer"—If they're sold at a profit.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)



I'm not sorry to get Bodger's glass, but I don't see any necessity for Bodger. However, it won't do to offend Auntie, though I must say I think it is a great liberty.

We are, it seems to me, an enormous length of time over our tea, and I begin to think Auntie will never leave off having another cup, but she says she enjoys it so. When the meal is over she "tittivates" before the chimney-glass, and I go for a cab.

She is still tittivating when I come back again, and I am nearly driven frantic by the slowness of her movements, for by the kitchen clock it is already a quarter past six, and the doors are open at half-past. In a frenzied state I watch her pottering with a tippet, and arranging and re-arranging

some miserable ribbon-ends in her cap.

But at last she is ready, and we are in the cab. I tell the man to drive his fastest. This is not very fast, but he does his best.

Presently, however, I see a public-house clock. "Hallo! hang it all, that beast of an eight-day of ours!" And now we have reached the theatre door twenty-five minutes before the time of opening!

The people standing at the pit door, and the persons selling bills and oranges, are much amused, and look in at us through the window as though we were something in a glass case.

Mr. Bodger has not yet made his appearance. Auntie, in a cutting way, says, "He'll be here at the proper time;" and after a pause, observes, "I suppose the tickets are all right?"

I do not condescend to enter into any argument, but feel in my pocket.

I feel in another pocket; in a third, and a fourth; and then feel all over them again. I grow hot and cold, and my fingers shake so, the things fall from them and roll about the floor of the cab.

Auntie and Rose Anna inquire the cause of my agitation, and there is no help for it but to tell them I have left the tickets at home!

We have some more excited talk upon this, and Rose Anna is for our giving the affair up altogether. Auntie is for my paying for four admissions. I take a middle course, and, leaving the ladies to wait for me, call a hansom, and bid the driver go at full gallop to Highlow Terrace.

On the way I again examine my pockets, and, to my utter amazement, find that the tickets, after all, are in the corner of one. Upon this I return triumphant: but, in the meantime, the other cab has disappeared.

I send away the hansom, and wait with what patience I can muster. The persons with the play-bills and oranges attack me with much ferocity, and I buy a bill at last to keep them quiet. But they are not quiet, as they want me also to buy an orange.

While I am waiting the doors open, and it seems to me there is a dreadful rush. The idea of a front seat I have abandoned some time ago.

What on earth has become of Rose Anna and Auntie? I supposed at first they were driving about to get through the time, but now they should be back again. And where is Bodger?

I don't know Bodger personally, and ask someone I see hanging about if that is his name. He scowls at me, and makes no answer. All things considered, perhaps it is lucky he did not knock me down.

But the time goes on. This is maddening.

Have they gone home again? Have they— Oh, here they are. I open the cab door with suppressed wrath. I say, "Well, in a withering tone; but they don't seem to notice it. I add, "You've done it this time, I must say; all the places will be filled."

"Oh, no!" says Auntie, briskly; and we enter the theatre. But here there is more misery in store for us. At the pay place I present the tickets, and am referred to another pigeon-hole. I present them there, and the man says, "You're too late; you should have come before seven."

But at this moment an astonishing event occurs. Looking round, I see Popkins. I tell my tale, and ask what is to be done? He says, "I'll manage it;" and takes the tickets back to the man at the pigeon-hole, and says something to him in a mysterious tone.

I overhear a part of it; and, as far as I can understand, he is making me out to be the Editor of the Times. I feel more certain of a seat, but far from comfortable. Suppose the Editor of the Times should be here already, I shall most likely get kicked out!



They attack me with much ferocity.

Whatever he says, however, we are passed through the wicket. We go up stairs, and a box-opener asks how many there are of us. I ask him if he has any front places, and in return he inquires if I want a bill. As I have one already, I say no. But he mistakes my meaning.

(To be continued next week.)



TURKISH PIE-CRUST.
Like promises, made to be broken.



"ACCOMPANIED BY A BRACE OF DETECTIVES."
And this is how a "Public" man has to be attended
whenever he'd take his walks abroad in some places.



THE CURLY-HEADED BOY THAT NEVER TOLD A LIE.
But why on earth fat-headed kids are given dangerous
toys to play with, passes our understanding.

THE F.P.—Mr. Jimjams returning from a Card Party at 1 a.m. is seized with 40 degrees of thirst.



"WATER.—Water is much used in composition for things made with water."—JOHNSON.
"JIMJAMS.—Jumps or jumpumps. Mostly arising from 'things' mixed."—JENKINS.



TOURING ON THE ALPS.

Englishman. It puzzles me to understand, Mr. Native Mountaineer, why your countrymen come pestering our people, and infesting our land, when yours is such a beautiful one.

Native. Si, Senor. But zen you zee zat zey no like to work, and you gif mooch gelt and plenty food, and he no like to work when he get it for notink!



LET LOOSE ON EASTER MONDAY.—'Arriets and 'Arrys.



INTERNATIONAL ATTACHMENT.

"Madam, you have supplied us with the most beautiful music and prima donnas, and in return we offer you our great Sir Walter Raleigh's discovery—the potato!"



THE DASHING HIGHWAYMAN.

Conclusions are often too hastily drawn, and, in our opinion, this gentleman has been much abused and much misused; but, if one takes the trouble to dive into his antecedents, one must conclude that he has possessed many admirable qualities, which the vulgar ruffian never could possess. "Gentleman of the road" is a very just title.